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YOU, TOO, CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL-CHARMING and POPULAR! *At Once!*

"What has 'she' got that I haven't?"—Do you often ask yourself this question, wondering why some girls are popular and happy while others are lonesome and depressed? Here's the secret of popularity—you must "highlight" and dramatize your strong points, and hide your weak ones. When you learn how to do this, you have learned the "inside story" of a girl's success!

TAKE THOSE KINKS OUT of Your Appearance and Personality

Now you can have an amazing book, "BETTER THAN BEAUTY", by Helen Valentine and Alice Thompson (famous beauty, fashion and etiquette authorities), which tells you in exact detail how thousands of others have dramatized their charming points—and achieved astonishing popularity. You, too can learn—almost at a glance—how to highlight your most favorable characteristics of figure, of face, of mannerisms, of intellect. You, too, can learn how to be an interesting companion and conversationalist. You, too, can learn to be the kind of a girl that other girls envy and boys admire. "BETTER THAN BEAUTY" reveals to you the "mysteries" of feminine appeal and how you can quickly develop your own enticing charms.

FOR EVERY GIRL WHO WANTS TO BE LOVELY

"BETTER THAN BEAUTY"

A Complete Guide to Charm

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SECTION I—WHAT YOU CAN DO TO IMPROVE YOURSELF

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6. Carriage, posture, walking, acquiring grace and ease.
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8. What you should weigh.
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20. Accessories are important relating to several costumes.
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22. How to achieve that well-dressed appearance that makes people notice you.

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34. How to handle the question of money matters.
35. How to make yourself popular and sought after.
36. Charm is like a beautiful dress. It can be acquired.

APPENDIX: An 8-page Caloric Table of everyday foods (a grand help in watching your diet, to lose or put on weight).

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COMICS

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Reducing Specialist Says:

DON'T STAY FAT!

LOSE POUNDS and INCHES *SAFELY* Without Risking Health

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SPOT REDUCER

"Thanks to the Spot Reducer I lost four inches around the hips and three inches around the waistline. It's amazing." Mary Martin, Long Island City, N Y

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HOW SPOT REDUCER WORKS: The Spot Reducer uses the age old principle of massage. It breaks down excess fatty tissue, tones the muscles and flesh and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat economically, simply, pleasantly. In a recent MEDICAL BOOK, edited by the chairman and two other members of Council on Physical Therapy of AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN., the following is stated: pg. 24, ch. 12, Vol. 3: "Beyond all question something can be done by massage to reduce local deposits of fat. There can however, be no question that massage applied to the region of the HIPS, can and does reduce the amount of fatty deposits in this region." It is a reliable unbiased source of information.

PROOF POSITIVE SPOT REDUCER WORKS: In recent tests made by outstanding licensed MEDICAL DOCTORS on more than 100 people, with the use of SPOT REDUCER every one lost pounds and inches in a few short weeks, in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. And the users say: "It was fun and they enjoyed it." The Spot Reducer worked as well on men as it did on women. The SPOT REDUCER way controls weight, once down to normal it helps retain your new "SLIM FIGURE" as long as you like. Look and feel better, see bulges disappear within the first weeks. The beauty of this scientifically designed SPOT REDUCER is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. Thousands have lost weight this way in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, buttocks, etc. The same method used by many stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The SPOT REDUCER can be used in the privacy of your own room in your spare time.

FREE A large size jar of Special Formula Body Massage Cream will be included FREE with your order for the "Spot Reducer."

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ADDRESS_____
CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____
☐ I enclose $1.98 each for_____Bras. Postage prepaid.

Editorial Consultant: Jean Thompson, M.D., Psychiatrist, Child Guidance Bureau;
Board of Education, New York City

PATSY WALKER

WHICH ONE OF US ARE YOU GOING OUT WITH? TAKE YOUR CHOICE!

(GLUB!) (CHOKE!) (GLUB!)

WELL, ANSWER US! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

"LOVE LAUGHS LAST!"

4587

AFTER CLASSES, AT A MEETING OF CENTERVILLE HIGH'S SORORITY...

...AND I'M GLAD TO ANNOUNCE THAT AT THE LAST MINUTE WE ARE ABLE TO GET THE ROYALE CLUB'S MAIN BALLROOM FOR TONIGHT'S DANCE! WE'LL ADJOURN OUR MEETING TO GIVE EVERYONE TIME TO HOOK AN ESCORT FOR TONIGHT!

6

WELL, HERE WE GO AGAIN, HILDA! WHO DO YOU THINK YOU'LL GET THIS TIME?

I DON'T CARE...JUST SO HE'S A MAN, THAT'S ALL THAT MATTERS! S'LONG, PATSY, TIME IS VALUABLE NOW!

1

POOR HILDA! EVERY YEAR SHE GOES OUT FULL OF CONFIDENCE AND WINDS UP AT THE DANCE, *EMPTY-HANDED!*

STOP WORRYING ABOUT HILDA, AND WORRY ABOUT YOURSELF! *LOOK!*

OH-OH! HEDY RUNNING OUT LIKE THAT MEANS ONLY *ONE THING!* SHE'S SPOTTED BUZZ OUTSIDE!

I MUSTN'T LET HER ASK HIM FIRST! C'MON FEET! FASTER! *FASTER!*

OH, BUZZ! I'VE GOT *SWELL* NEWS!

WHAT IS IT, HEDY?

SCREECH!

HELLO, BUZZ!

PHOOEY!

HI, PATSY!

SCREECH!

WELL, WHAT IS IT, GIRLS? YOU BOTH SEEM TO BE BURSTING WITH SOMETHING TO TELL ME AND YET YOU'RE BOTH QUIET AS *CLAMS!*

OH--ER--IT'S NOTHING, BUZZ! I'M JUST GLAD TO SEE YOU--HEH, HEH!

AND I WAS--ER--UH--JUST PASSING BY WHEN I SAW YOU--HA, HA!

IF WE GET INTO A FIGHT OVER THE DANCE ***NOW*** BUZZ MAY REFUSE TO GO WITH ***EITHER*** OF US! I'LL WAIT TILL I SEE HIM ALONE!

AS LONG AS PATSY DOESN'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THE DANCE, I WON'T EITHER! LATER, I'LL GET MY CHANCE WITH BUZZ ALONE!

...BUT I'VE ***GOT*** TO STAY WITH BUZZ AS LONG AS HEDY DOES! I MUSTN'T LEAVE THEM ALONE FOR A ***MINUTE!***

I CAN'T LEAVE PATSY ALONE WITH BUZZ OR ***SHE'LL*** ASK FIRST! WHATEVER HAPPENS I ***MUST*** STAY WITH HIM AS LONG AS ***SHE*** DOES!

I'LL WALK YOU HOME, BUZZ!

?

ME TOO!

A SHORT WHILE LATER...

I GUESS WE LEAVE YOU HERE, HEDY! THIS IS YOUR HOUSE!

YES! 'BYE, HEDY!

OH, I DON'T FEEL LIKE GOING IN JUST YET! I'LL KEEP ***WALKING!***

AND STILL LATER...

WELL, THIS IS ***YOUR*** HOUSE, PATSY!

I'M SURE YOU WON'T MIND IF I KEEP WALKING WITH YOU, ***TOO!*** I DON'T CARE TO GO IN NOW, EITHER!

...AND STILL LATER...

WELL... NOW WE'RE AT *MY* HOUSE! THANKS FOR WALKING ME HOME, GIRLS! 'BYE!

'BYE!

'BYE!

BAXTER

WELL, I GUESS WE'LL BE GOING HOME NOW, *EH*, PATSY?

OH, YES! NO SENSE HANGING AROUND HERE! *HA! HA!*

I THINK I'LL GO DOWN SOUTH STREET-- IT'S A SHORT CUT!

YES, I KNOW! S'LONG, PATSY!

TUM DE DUM

LA LE LA

OH!

OH!

BAXTER

SCREECH!

SCREECH!

WELL!

WELL!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE...

PATSY AND HEDY WERE SURE ACTING STRANGELY!

ANOTHER THING I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IS WHY THEY BOTH INSISTED ON TAKING **ME** HOME!

WHAT TH-! THEY'RE STILL OUTSIDE!

PATSY! HEDY! WHAT **IS** THIS? ARE YOU GIRLS PICKETING MY HOUSE?

OH, BUZZ! I SIMPLY **MUST** TALK TO YOU--**ALONE!** MAY I COME IN?

WHY, THAT--! OH! I MUST THINK OF SOMETHING, **QUICK!**

5

OH! MY ANKLE! I'VE TWISTED IT!

?

?

GOLLY, HEDY! LET ME HELP YOU!

THANKS, BUZZIE DEAR! I MUST SIT DOWN! OOHHH!

REST HERE, HEDY! I'LL GO GET DOC JONES ACROSS THE STREET!

AND I'LL GO WITH YOU, BUZZ!

OH... ER... *NO!* I DON'T NEED A DOCTOR! I'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A SHORT WHILE!

SHE'S OKAY RIGHT NOW, THE *FAKER!* BUT I'LL OUTSMART HER YET!

OH, PATSY, DEAR! WON'T YOU PLEASE RUN INTO THE KITCHEN AND GET ME A GLASS OF WATER?

OKAY, HEDY DEAR! I'D LIKE A DRINK MYSELF! BUZZ, WOULD YOU PLEASE COME AND SHOW ME WHERE YOU KEEP THE GLASSES?

SURE!

NO! ER-- I MEAN I'M *NOT THIRSTY* ANYMORE! HEH, HEH, HEH!

AS THE HOURS GO BY...

WELL, ER, IT'S GETTING KINDA LATE! WILL YOU TWO PLEASE EXCUSE ME FOR AWHILE?

SURE, BUZZ!

SURE!

LOOK, HEDY! THIS IS GETTING US BOTH NOWHERE! THE DANCE IS ONE HOUR FROM NOW!

YOU'RE RIGHT, PATSY! WE'VE GO TO SETTLE THIS *RIGHT NOW!*

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO DO IT! WE'LL ASK BUZZ TO CHOOSE BETWEEN US!

OKAY! AND THE LOSER CAN DO THE OTHER'S WEEKEND HOMEWORK!

OH, BUZZ! OUR SORORITY IS HAVING A DANCE TO-NIGHT! WILL YOU COME DOWN AND CHOOSE WHICH ONE OF US YOU'RE GOING TO GO WITH?

I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN, BUT...

...I CAN'T TAKE *EITHER* OF YOU BECAUSE...

R-RING!

...HILDA ASKED ME JUST BEFORE YOU TWO MET ME AFTER SCHOOL! 'BYE, NOW!

TEE HEE!

YIPE!

PLOP!

LATER...

CENSORED!

CENSORED!

Homework Hedy Wolfe

Homework Patsy Walker

THE END

BAKELESS BLUEBERRIES . . .

For a wonderful cold blueberry dessert that "cooks" in the refrigerator and is simplicity itself to prepare, here's a blueberry-bread-and-butter pudding that can't help being everybody's favorite.

Pick over and wash a quart of good blueberries, and put them in a saucepan with a couple cups of water, about a tablespoon of sugar and a teaspoon of vanilla. Let the berries come to a boil, and then simmer them for a few minutes until they're soft.

Meanwhile, slice bread about half an inch thick, remove the crusts and butter the slices on one side. Line a glass bowl with them, buttered sides up. When the berries are done, pour in a few plus some of the juice. Then add another layer of buttered slices, then more berries and juice. Keep on until all are used, with a layer of bread on top. Press this down a bit to make it absorb the juice.

Put into the refrigerator for several hours, the longer the better, and serve ice cold with whipped or plain cream.

SALMON SAUCE . . .

Here's a tasty sauce to go with any cold fish or shellfish, but it's particularly good with pickled salmon.

Combine 2½ tablespoons of prepared English mustard with five tablespoons of sugar and half a teaspoon of salt. Add slowly two tablespoons of olive oil and a tablespoon of vinegar, alternating them.

Add a couple of tablespoons of sour cream, beat well, and add two tablespoons of chopped fresh dill.

Chill well before serving with the fish. Or try it on cold roast beef—it's a wonderful combination!

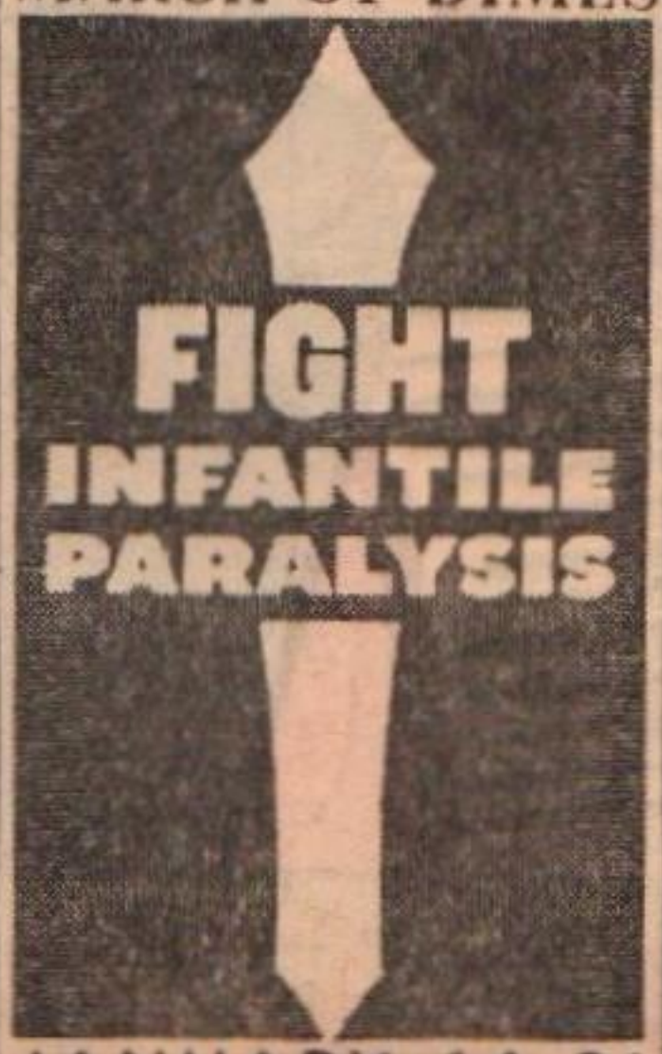
PLEASING POUND . . .

Here's a new recipe for pound cake — that old-fashioned teatime darling. This seems especially good so give it a try the next time you feel like baking.

Beat up a cup of butter until it is creamy, and then add slowly 1½ cups of pastry flour which have been sifted with ¾ of a teaspoon of baking powder, ¼ of a teaspoon of salt and ¼ of a teaspoon of mace. Separate four eggs, and beat the yolks. Add 1¼ cups of confectioners' sugar. Then add all to the butter and flour.

Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, and then beat hard until the mixture is smooth. Flavor with a teaspoon of vanilla, or lemon or almond extract, and bake in a moderate oven for about 45 minutes.

MARCH OF DIMES



JANUARY 14-31

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JUDY THOUGHT COMING FROM A FAMILY OF GENIUSES WAS ENOUGH OF A PROBLEM — UNTIL SHE MET THE FABULOUS THORNTON GREEN!

By Pat Paige

"Wrong!" the announcer shouted. "The contest is a draw!"

Your Question, DARLING!

POOR Harold! A dog shouldn't be treated the way my family treated him that evening. Just because my parents are college professors and my two older brothers are geniuses, they think the boy for me must be a walking encyclopedia. Okay, maybe Harold isn't brilliant. But he *is* the star halfback at Northside High and a gorgeous-looking male. Also, he took the family ribbing better than most boys my fatal charm brings home. I'll say that for poor Harold.

But as he was leaving, he stuffed another stick of gum into his mouth. "Well, Judy," he said, "I guess I made a hit with your family, hm? I could tell they sort of liked me."

Poor Harold, phooey! The big drip didn't even know they'd made fun of him all evening! Poor Judy, I should have said because now those intellectual monsters would turn on me.

I stood in the doorway of the living room, braced for the onslaught. "Judy, *where* did you dig up *that* mental midget?" Les began.

"*Why* did you dig him up is the proper question," Tim said.

"Now, boys," my mother said, "Judy is a very pretty girl. She can't help it if she attracts boys like Harold."

"But does she have to bring them here?" Les demanded.

Fortunately, Dad interrupted by turning on the radio to Thornton Green's quiz program. They'd remember me again when the program was over, but while Thornton's suave voice came through the loudspeaker, they listened in awe.

Thornton Green is a senior in one of our high schools. No one had heard of him until a few months ago when he was hired for the *Your Question* program on our local station. Each week some teen-ager challenges him to ask and answer five questions on a subject chosen by the challenger. Of course, the subject and questions are passed on by judges to insure fairness, but no one has ever come near defeating Thornton. Les had challenged him once on nuclear physics, Les' specialty. Thornton had answered all of Les' questions, but Les got only two of Thornton's.

I didn't hear much of the program because I was worrying about the teasing to follow. Why couldn't I pick the boys I liked? I admit Harold was dull, but *anyone* I went out with was scorned and ridiculed by my family.

My brothers' shouts and the radio applause told me that Thornton had won again, this time on Renaissance art. The announcer was congratulating him. "That girl friend of yours must be mighty proud," he said.

"Bee isn't easy to impress," Thornton answered.

The announcer laughed. "This mysterious Miss Bee must be a remarkable girl," he said. "Why don't you break down and tell the audience about her?"

There was a pause. "I don't think she'd like this sort of publicity," Thornton said coldly.

I wondered what sort of girl the fabulous Thornton Green would like. Whoever she was, if she had brothers like mine, she'd have no worries about their disapproval. Tim and Les were looking at me sternly. "Judy," Les began, "you're not a bad-looking female. You must have *some* brains, since you're in this family. Why can't *you* find some boy friend like Thornton Green?"

That did it. Suddenly I knew I couldn't face the working over they were going to give me. Not again. "As a matter of fact," I found myself saying calmly, "I *am* Thornton's girl—the one he talks about on the radio."

My family gaped while I studied my manicure. Then they pounced on me. When, where and how, they wanted to know. Les looked suspicious. "You're kidding us," he said. "What does this 'Bee' stand for?"

"Actually," I said, "it stands for three B's—blue-eyed, blonde and beautiful. Dear Thorn can be rather sweet in spite of his superb intellect."

"But, Judy, dear," my mother said, "why haven't you brought him to meet us? Why haven't you told us about him?"

"Thorn doesn't like that kind of publicity," I answered. "We decided I'd stay out of the picture while he's on this program. I only told you to stop your criticisms of Harold, and I'll expect you to say nothing more about it."

Whatever my family thought about Thornton, they at least forgot Harold. I refused to answer any more questions, and I hoped the matter would be forgotten.

. . . I almost forgot it myself. But a couple of days later my friends at school began to look at me strangely, and then the superintendent called me out of class. There were two men in his office. "Newspaper men," he explained. "They want your picture."

"Why?" I asked.

"Perhaps your—uh—association with certain people in radio," the superintendent hinted.

"If you mean Thornton Green," I gulped, "I've never met him."

"We understand, Miss Vale. Now just tell us a bit about yourself . . ." The flash bulb made me jump.

That night I hardly slept, and in the morning my worst fears were realized. My picture was on page two, with a short biography giving special emphasis to the scholarship honors of the family. And Thornton Green was mentioned in the headline: "Is Judy Vale Thornton Green's Mysterious Miss Bee?"

Both Tim and Les looked guilty. "Don't be angry," Tim pleaded. "A man's got a right to brag a little when his sister goes out with a chap like Green."

By the time I got home from school, my face was tired from smiling at congratulations and my ingenuity exhausted from parrying questions. I started up to my room, but Mother called me to the telephone. "Hello," a voice said. "Is this blue-eyed, blonde and beautiful?"

"Thornton Green?" I said, and my family perked up their ears.

"Yes," the voice said. "I wonder if I could have the pleasure of meeting you?" He didn't sound as if it would be a pleasure.

"All right," I said.

"Now and at my house?"

"All right," I repeated.

He hung up. "I'm going out," I announced to the others.

"Don't be late," Mother said, beaming.

Riding across town, I clung to the thought that at least this gave me a chance to discipline my family. "Thornton was naturally very angry," I would say. "He never wants to see me again, and it's all your fault!"

Thornton himself answered my nervous knock. He wasn't my idea of a genius. He didn't even wear glasses, and his shoulders were broad enough for football material. He stared at me.

"I'm Judy Vale," I said. "Shall I come in?"

"Oh, yes," he said hastily. "Yes, of course." He led me into a book-lined living room, but he seemed unable to find anything more to say.

"You wanted to see me?" I asked nervously.

"Yes, of course," he repeated. Then he blushed.

Suddenly I realized that he was more ill at ease than I so I smiled at him. "I know it must be about this silly publicity," I said. "It's awfully embarrassing. I hardly know how to explain . . ."

"It doesn't matter *why* you did it," Thornton blurted out. "It's what we're going to do about it now."

"It's awkward," I agreed. "I hope the real Bee isn't upset."

"Oh, no," he assured me, "but the station publicity director wants us to go to some tea parties and

"We understand, Miss Vale. Now just tell us a bit about yourself . . ." The flash bulb made me jump.

"Really, Miss Vale, I can't remember ever enjoying myself so thoroughly."

dances. He feels that the public thinks of me as sort of a mental monster and this would give me a human touch."

"The real Bee won't do it?"

He shook his head.

"And you haven't told anyone I'm not the real Bee?" I asked.

Again he shook his head. "Will you do it?" he asked.

"I guess it's the least I can do," I answered.

He looked relieved. "Good," he said. "The studio car will call for you."

Back home I couldn't scold my family, but at least I could mention truthfully that Thornton and I were going out. For once they all approved of my date.

The first tea party was very noisy, with Thornton and me the target of cameras and questions. We were posed holding hands and smiling inanely and frowning over a big book. Eventually we were given some weak tea and I was taken home.

There were two more of these strenuous parties and then a dinner and dance. Thornton didn't dance too well, but he improved quickly. Late in the evening he said happily, "Really, Miss Vale, I can't remember ever enjoying myself so thoroughly."

"Do I dance as well as the real Bee?" I asked.

"Oh, infinitely better," he assured me, grinning.

Next morning he sent me a dozen roses, a gesture which impressed my brainy brothers. "The guy knows his way around," Les said.

"He knows everything," Tim said. "However, I'm surprised he knows Judy. Maybe there's more to our sister than meets the eye."

"You both have Thorn wrong," I informed them. "His main characteristic is shyness. He's an orphan, raised by an old uncle, and he's spent his life reading books instead of running around and having fun."

A week later, after a studio party, Thorn was especially quiet as he brought me home and stopped the car. I guessed he was thinking, as I was, that the series of parties was finished. "The publicity director told me that the campaign on you—us—was very successful," I said.

He nodded. "I guess this is good-by, Miss Vale," he said. "I hope you got whatever you wanted out of our little deception. I suppose now I'd better devote all my attention to Bee."

I smiled, but I was hurt, too. "It's not very flattering of you," I said, "to prefer a figment of your imagination to me."

Thornton gasped and stared. "Then you know?" he asked.

"That there's no such girl as Bee? I guessed it when you said on the radio that Bee didn't want to share your publicity. No girl would mind publicity if it would help the boy she liked. Also, a girl *would* object to someone like me butting in. I wouldn't have done it if I'd believed she existed."

Thornton had grown red, and his lips were a thin line. "So you knew all along," he said bitterly. "You saw a chance to make a fool of me and become well-known yourself . . ."

"That's not true," I said hotly. "I did it because of my family." Stumblingly, I explained the whole thing truthfully, the way it had happened.

He listened grimly. "A very clever story," he said. "You know I've never had a family or brothers or sisters, and you've guessed that I've wanted them—so much so that when I was a child I used to pretend I had them. And as I grew older, I pretended I had a girl of my own. You were quite sure I'd believe any story you made up about your family, weren't you?"

I looked at him in amazement. There was nothing to say after that. I got out of the car and ran up to the house. The family were all home, and Mother saw the tears in my eyes. "Judy dear," she said, "did you and Thornton have a misunderstanding?"

I nodded.

"Was he mean to you?" Tim demanded.

"I'll beat him up," Les said.

"No, no, it was my fault," I said.

"Maybe it's all for the best, Judy," Tim said. "It's tough to keep up with a guy that brilliant. Sooner or later this had to happen."

I ran up to my room and locked the door.

. . . When I got home from school the next day, Mr. Lewis, the station publicity director, was waiting for me. "Thorn tells me you two had a fight," he said.

"I'll never speak to him again," I declared.

He smiled and nodded. "Look," he said, "you have to make allowance for genius. Thorn's going places in radio, but it's hard to make him seem human. As long as he had a nice attractive girl friend, people could believe in him, but if it gets

around you've tossed him over, it'll be worse than ever. Can't you settle your misunderstanding?"

"No," I replied.

"You're even more stubborn than he is," Mr. Lewis said. "Thorn's a nice kid. He's good-looking, and he's certainly smart . . ."

"Thornton's trouble," I interrupted, "is that he knows a lot about every subject but one. And that one is the most important as far as I'm concerned."

"What is it?" he asked.

"Women," I said.

Mr. Lewis nodded and stood up. "Far more experienced men than Thornton have been ignorant about women," he said.

"Wait!" I cried, for I'd just had an idea of blinding brilliance. "I want to challenge Thornton on his quiz program."

"On what subject?" Mr. Lewis asked, suddenly very interested.

"Women," I said. "Will the judges accept that?"

A light had come into the man's eyes. I could see him reading his own headlines: "Girl Discovers Flaw In Thornton Green's Intellectual Armor." He was grinning broadly. "Write up your questions," he said. "The subject is perfect."

My brothers were aghast at my boldness in challenging Thornton on *any* subject. "You'll make a fool of yourself and disgrace the family!" Tim exclaimed.

But the next day I was notified I'd been accepted and scheduled to appear the following week. Les came home from the library, his arms full of books. Thornton had been there and had taken out most of the books about women, but Les had managed to get copies from a branch library. I looked at some of the titles—*The Psychology of American Women, Women and Society, Women's Contribution to Creative Art.* "That guy is going to pick his questions from these," Les said. "To have half a chance, you'll have to read everything that's in them."

That's when I began to doubt my wisdom in challenging Thornton. Nevertheless, I studied those books from beginning to end.

. . . At the radio station Thornton blushed when he saw me and grinned shyly. I looked away. The lights were garishly bright, and people were rushing about, whispering frantically. Suddenly there was a deep silence, then the announcer's voice. I waited breathlessly for Thornton's first question. "Name three women," he said, "who appear on American postage stamps."

I let out my breath and smiled. I used to help Tim with his collection. "Virginia Dare, Susan B. Anthony and Louisa Alcott," I answered. So far, so good.

My first question was about the average life expectancy of American women. I should have known Thornton would be an expert on statistics. He answered it easily.

Our next questions were both taken from *The Psychology of American Women,* and we both answered them correctly. His third was on art, and I missed. He answered my third correctly, and we both did all right on the fourth. His fifth and last was a tough one, but by some kind fortune I remembered the answer. However, he was still one point ahead of me, and even if he missed my last question, we'd only be tied.

My final question was taken from the book on psychology, and I'd thought it out very carefully. "When a man and a woman have a misunderstanding and the man is in the wrong, which is the most likely behavior pattern of the woman: (1) she'll wait until he comes around to apologize, or (2) she'll call him and even say *she* is in the wrong to resolve the misunderstanding?"

According to the author's statistics, the second one was the correct answer because women often feel that a small point of pride isn't worth the ending of an otherwise satisfactory friendship. Knowing that Thornton had read the same book, I was sure he knew the answer. But if he answered it correctly, he'd be thoroughly wrong—about this woman, at least. I'd certainly never ask him to forgive *me* for *his* mistake!

Thornton looked at me in amazement, his face breaking into a wide grin. "Number one, of course," he said.

"*Wrong!*" the announcer shouted. "The contest is a draw!" Thornton reached over and squeezed my hand while the announcer continued, "Thornton Green will ask an extemporaneous question. If Miss Vale answers it correctly, she wins. If she can't answer it, she loses the match."

Thornton wrote his question quickly and gave it to the judges, who frowned and whispered over it during the commercial. Then they agreed, and Thornton read the question, which was also based on female behavior patterns. "When a man has had a misunderstanding with a woman and is quite aware that he's in the wrong, which action on his part is most likely to win the woman's forgiveness: (1) he sends her flowers and asks her to go out to dinner and dancing with him, or (2) he invites himself over to have dinner with her family?"

It was all I could do to keep from laughing aloud. The first was obviously correct from the judges' point of view, but I rather imagined that if I answered it correctly, Mr. Green would *not* send me flowers and ask me out. On the other hand, if I said the second, I would lose the match—but I'd prove my story about the family had been truthful. "Number two, of course," I said.

"Wrong!" the announcer shouted. "Thornton Green wins again!"

. . . Sitting at our dinner table two nights later, I sighed happily and listened to Thornton discussing Elizabethan drama with my father. He had talked Oriental philosophy with my mother and early French music with Tim. Now Les interrupted the discussion. "I can't understand what you see in my sister," he said jokingly. "That last question of yours was pathetically easy. If she had half a brain cell, she'd have beaten you."

Thorn said nothing. He smiled at me, and we held hands under the table. For a moment there was a deep silence. Then Les spoke up again. "Hey, wait a minute!" he grinned. "I think *we've* been the dumb ones from the very beginning!"

THE END

PATSY WALKER

BUT DADDY... THE BABY'S ONLY *TWO WEEKS OLD!*

"A LITTLE STRANGER!"

4568

GOLLY, NANCY! ISN'T IT JUST TERRIBLE WHEN YOU THINK OF ALL THE MILLIONS OF STARVING CHILDREN ALL OVER THE WORLD?

I JUST WISH THAT WE COULD ACTUALLY DO SOMETHING TO *REALLY* HELP!

WE'VE SENT FOOD AND CLOTHING PACKAGES! WHAT ELSE CAN WE DO?

BRRRING!

WONDER WHO THAT IS!

TELEGRAM FOR MR. WALKER!

THANK YOU!

DADDY, IT'S FOR YOU! WHO'S IT FROM, AND WHAT DOES IT SAY?

WHOA, GAL! I HAVEN'T EVEN OPENED IT YET!

WHY, IT'S FROM UNCLE GEORGE IN *EUROPE*! HE'S SENDING US A PRESENT!

A *PRESENT*?

EASTERN UNION

DEAR FAMILY... FOUND POOR STARVING LITTLE DALMATIAN WAR ORPHAN STOP COULDN'T RESIST HIS PLEADING EYES STOP HAVE SENT HIM ON TO YOU STOP PLEASE NURSE HIM BACK TO HEALTH

LOVE
UNCLE GEORGE

NANCY! GOLLY! JUST WHAT WE'VE BEEN TALKING ABOUT! WE CAN *REALLY* DO SOMETHING *NOW*!

IMAGINE! THE POOR, LITTLE THING! WE'LL *REALLY* TAKE CARE OF HIM HERE!

LET'S NOT WASTE TIME TALKING! THERE ARE MANY BABY THINGS TO BE BOUGHT!

YES... BUT WHAT WILL WE DO FOR MONEY?

DADDY, I'M SURE YOU WON'T MIND IF WE GET SOME THINGS FOR OUR LITTLE VISITOR! WE'LL NEED MONEY TO BUY ALL THE...

I DON'T HAVE ANY MONEY RIGHT NOW! GO OVER TO COURTNEY'S AND CHARGE IT TO MY ACCOUNT!

LATER...

HELLO, PATSY! WHAT BRINGS YOU HERE?

OH, MRS. COURTNEY, SOMETHING WONDERFUL HAS HAPPENED! THERE'S GOING TO BE A LITTLE STRANGER AT OUR HOUSE ANY DAY NOW!

HOW ***WONDERFUL!*** MY LAND... THIS IS A SURPRISE! I'LL BET YOU HOPE IT'LL BE A LITTLE SISTER!

OH, NO! I ALREADY KNOW FOR CERTAIN IT'S A LITTLE BROTHER!

YOU KNOW FOR ***CERTAIN?*** MY GOODNESS, MODERN SCIENCE ***IS*** WONDERFUL!

NOW I'D LIKE TO PICK OUT ALL THE LITTLE THINGS HE'LL NEED!

SOMETIME LATER...

CRIB, SHEETS, DIAPERS, BOTTLES, UNDERSHIRTS, NIGHTGOWNS... I'M AFRAID THIS WILL BE QUITE A BILL, PATSY!

OH, THAT'S OKAY! CHARGE IT! 'BYE NOW, MRS. COURTNEY!

HELLO, MABEL! JUST WAIT'LL YOU HEAR THE NEWS I HAVE!

YOU DON'T SAY! I SIMPLY ***MUST*** TELL THE GOOD NEWS TO ***ALL*** THE NEIGHBORS!

AND SO...

HELLO, STAN, YOU OLD DEVIL! CONGRATULATIONS! SO THERE'S GOING TO BE ANOTHER MEMBER ADDED TO THE FAMILY, *EH?* DON'T TRY TO HIDE IT! PATSY LET THE NEWS OUT!

HUH? NEW MEMBER TO THE FAMILY? OH, I KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN NOW, FRED! YES, I'M GOING TO PICK HIM UP TOMORROW!

YOU MEAN IT'S ALL GOING TO HAPPEN SO QUICKLY?

OH, SURE! WE FOUND OUT TODAY AND TOMORROW HE ARRIVES!

HMMM! THIS IS GETTING TO BE *MORE* CONFUSING BY THE MINUTE!

HELLO, FRED! WHAT'S THE WORRIED LOOK FOR?

OH, NOTHING, MARY! IT'S JUST THAT I-I-I... AIEEE!

MARY? **MARY WALKER!**

?

MY GOODNESS! ALL THE NEIGHBORS ARE ACTING SO *STRANGELY* LATELY!

THE NEXT DAY...

PATSY, I'M GOING DOWN TO THE DEPOT AND PICK UP OUR LITTLE VISITOR NOW!

SWELL, DADDY! I EXPECT THE THINGS I ORDERED TO COME TODAY! I'LL BE WAITING BREATHLESSLY!

NOW WHO CAN THAT BE AT THE DOOR?

BRINGGG!

PATSY, WE ALL KNOW THE NEW BABY IS COMING TODAY AND WE THOUGHT WE'D BRING A FEW LITTLE USEFUL THINGS!

OH, YOU'RE ALL SO THOUGHTFUL! *COME IN!*

LATER...

OH, HERE COMES DADDY NOW!

WHAT THE...WHAT'S ALL *THIS?*

WHY, DADDY...THIS IS ALL FOR OUR LITTLE WAR-ORPHANED DALMATIAN! *WHERE IS HE?*

HERE!

PLOP!

THE END

ROMANCE IN THE SKY!

A SMALL yellow training plane buzzed low over the house. Karen Parker, busily weeding the flower garden, looked up with frightened eyes as the plane circled the field and flew over low again.

"Tod Randell, you be careful!" Kerry shouted at the plane. "You'll crash!"

The pilot dipped the wings in a friendly salute. With a sigh of relief Kerry saw that Tom, her father's ace instructor, was at the controls. Tod grinned down at her, and in spite of the dreadful fear in her heart, she waved back. But then she saw Tom turn the controls over to Tod, and she shut her eyes quickly. The motor purred steadily, and without looking Kerry knew the craft was climbing. Slowly her nerves untangled as she watched the plane level off, circle the field and glide in to a safe landing.

"A perfect three pointer," she sighed, relieved.

The plane taxied up the runway and came to a stop in front of the hangar. Kerry watched until Tod jumped from the wing to the ground; then she went back to her weeding.

Mom came out on the porch then. "Why so ambitious today?" she kidded.

Kerry shrugged. "I just like the sun."

Mom shook her head slowly. "Of course. And—this is Saturday afternoon, time for Tod Randell's flying lesson, if I'm not mistaken."

Kerry nodded her auburn crowned head. She could never keep anything from Mom. "Today is his last time up with an instructor. Dad told me he solos next week."

"Why don't you invite him in?" Mom suggested.

Kerry smiled wistfully. If only it were as simple as that! But whenever Tod spoke to her, she just froze up. She couldn't even talk about the weather. Tod thought that because her father ran an airfield, she'd naturally know all about planes. That was really a laugh. She didn't know the ailerons from the wing struts. Furthermore, she didn't particularly *want* to know. In her opinion planes were treacherous things to be avoided. Wasn't Dad lame because of a plane?

Her mother's voice interrupted her thoughts. "Dad's bringing your friend in," she announced, fully aware of the reaction her words would have.

Kerry turned around quickly. Sure enough, Dad and Tod were coming up the path from the field. Dear Dad, limping so noticeably, and Tod, tall, ruggedly handsome, walking with long, confident steps beside him.

"Oh, no!" was all Kerry could say. But after a moment she started for the house. "My hair! I just have to comb my hair!"

She had just vanished inside when Dad and Tod reached the house. Their voices drifted up to Kerry in her room over the porch.

"Yes, sir, Tod," Dad was saying, "you're a born flyer. You'll do fine on your solo."

"I sure hope I pass the exam for my pilot's license," Tod's eager voice put in.

Kerry shuddered a bit at his words. "I sure hope you don't, Tod Randell," she whispered savagely. The sound of his voice made her knees go weak. She'd never felt this way about a boy before. And he had to love planes! The one thing in the world she was afraid of! Quickly she dabbed on a tiny bit more lipstick, pinched the color into her satin smooth cheeks and started for the stairs.

Tod looked up as she walked out onto the porch. His infectious grin made her heart do loops.

"Hi, Kerry," he greeted casually. "Well, I did it! I finished my last lesson."

"Good for you," she smiled. It definitely wasn't a sharp reply.

Tod continued, "I'll be out here every day after school until I pile up my solo hours." He was very enthused—the way, Kerry imagined, her father had been when he'd started flying. Now—her eyes rested on Dad's stiff leg and on the cane in his hand. There'd be no more flying for him.

"Kerry, when I get my wings, I want you to be my first passenger," Tod told her. "How about it? Is it a date?" he asked eagerly.

Of course, she hadn't told Tod she could never go up in a plane. She'd never mentioned the dreadful fear that clutched at her throat every time she heard a plane zoom over the house, a terrible fear that it would crash in a tangled mass before her eyes. If she told him now—it would be the end. He'd never bother talking to her again in his eager, confident way. This was the first time he'd asked her to go anywhere, and she just couldn't refuse now. When the time came, she'd back out gracefully.

KERRY KNEW SHE COULDN'T PRETEND FOREVER, BUT SHE WAS DESPERATELY AFRAID OF THE THING TOD LOVED MOST—AND WHAT ELSE COULD SHE DO?

By Virginia Kester Smiley

It was coming in too fast! The nose was headed straight for the ground!

"Ask me then," she smiled. There was no harm in keeping a fellow guessing. Maybe by then he'd be talking about something besides planes.

. . . Tod was a familiar figure around the field after that, for he was determined to pile up his solo hours in a hurry. One afternoon Kerry watched anxiously until his gaudy red jalopy turned into the drive, then hurried out to the porch.

"Hi!" Tod called.

Kerry motioned to the sky. "It's going to rain."

His quick grin told her she was worrying unnecessarily. "It won't rain for a while," he said and was off for the field. Kerry turned back into the house. Soon after Tod's plane vanished into the overcast sky, the first crystal raindrops splattered against the kitchen window. In a moment a cloudburst was beating down. Above the noise of the pelting rain came the steady drone of a plane.

Kerry ran out to the porch, her anxious eyes scanning the dark sky. It definitely wasn't flying weather. Across the field she saw Tom and Dad anxiously watching the small craft. The old fear came over Kerry, her hand went to her throat and tears of fright dimmed her eyes. With Tod at the controls, the plane circled the field.

The wind had come up quickly and was tossing the trainer about as if it were a toy. Kerry wanted to turn away, but her eyes were glued to the plane. She saw it start in for a landing. It was coming in too fast! The nose was headed straight for the ground! She stood frozen to the spot, her brown eyes wide with terror. But finally the plane leveled out, and Tod set it down to a safe, but slightly bumpy, landing.

Her hands cold and clammy, Kerry gradually relaxed, then turned back into the house. Tod must never know how he had frightened her.

. . . On afternoons when he finished early, Tod stopped at the house for a few minutes. Kerry looked forward to these visits even though Tod talked of nothing but dives and sideslips and Immelmann

turns. She pretended she understood what he was talking about. Couldn't he see that her heart did a first-class power dive every time she saw him? Why couldn't he talk about movies and dancing and hot fudge sundaes the way other boys did?

Then the big day arrived. When Tod came to tell her the news, he took the front steps two at a time and his finger remained on the bell, ringing it steadily.

"Well, flyer," Kerry exclaimed as she flung open the door, "I thought it was Halloween!"

"Grab your hat, duchess!" he told her, grinning proudly. "We're going to Charlie's to celebrate with a soda. I finished my hours! And your dad says it's a cinch I'll pass the test for my license."

"I knew you could do it," she said quietly. But deep in her heart she'd hoped he'd give it up or wash out. "I'll be with you in a second," she told him.

. . . The minute Kerry and Tod entered Charlie's Sweet Shoppe, a feminine voice greeted them. "Hooray for the flyer!" a lovely raven-haired girl called. "Hi, Tod!"

Tod waved casually. "Hi, Myrna."

"And—Karen Parker!" Myrna continued. "Is it really you?" she asked a little too sweetly. "Whatever made you come out of hiding?" Then she laughed gaily. "But, of course! Tod can bring any girl out of seclusion. Welcome to civilization!"

Kerry tried desperately to enter into the bright chatter. But always she had the feeling that Myrna's jealous eyes were on her.

"Tod," Myrna purred after Tod's talk about his test, "I'll be your first passenger."

Tod shook his dark head. "Sorry, Myrna. Second maybe. Kerry is first on my list."

Myrna pouted her ruby lips. "Of course, Tod," she sugar-coated her words, "Kerry's father *does* own the airfield." And she sauntered out, closing the door a little louder than necessary.

Kerry stared after her, amazed at her actions.

"Don't pay any attention to her," Tod told her softly. "You know how she is."

But Kerry wondered if Myrna might be right. Maybe Tod wouldn't look at her a second time if her father didn't own Parker Field.

"A copper for your thoughts, Kerry?" Tod's whisper brought her back to earth. For the first time she noticed that the place was empty and they were alone. He smiled at her, and his hand

closed over hers. Her heart was already doing strange things when he said, "It's swell having a girl like you, Kerry."

She swallowed hard, unbelieving. He'd called her his girl! Then, before she could answer, his next words blotted out her joy.

"You know what I'm talking about when I talk flying. I guess that's why we get along."

It was really funny—his thinking she liked flying. But if she told him the truth now, she was sure she'd lose him. There was no harm in waiting until the day of the flight. That way she could be his girl for a short time anyhow.

She smiled at him shyly. "And it's swell having a boy friend like you, Tod."

. . The next few days Kerry saw Tod often. There were bike rides, hikes, movies and sodas galore. But finally the day Kerry had been dreading arrived. It was a warm, sunny day, the kind of day that made a person feel glad to be alive. Kerry waited on the front steps until Tod's ancient jalopy rattled into the drive. They were going on a picnic today, and the day was certainly perfect for it.

"Kerry!" Tod greeted her happily. "Today was made for flying!"

Her heart fell suddenly to her toes. She knew what he meant. "You—you got your wings, Tod?"

"Well, don't sound so mournful." He grabbed her hands and pulled her to her feet. "Is my first passenger ready for her hop?" he asked eagerly.

Kerry bit her lip until it hurt. This was it. It meant the end of their dates—the end of everything. For weeks she'd rehearsed her refusal speech, trying to word it just right so he would understand. But now the speech was forgotten. "I —I can't go up," she blurted out.

Tod stared at her in amazement. "Well, golly, Kerry, why not?" he asked quietly. "We planned it . . ."

"I—," she began in a trembling voice, "I just don't want to—ever! That's all!" And she turned and hurried into the house where Tod wouldn't see her crying.

He was dumbfounded. His broad shoulders drooped, and his deep blue eyes were troubled. This was something he couldn't understand. His own girl didn't want to go up with him—ever. It sounded pretty definite. In fact, when he thought it over, it sounder like the end.

Suddenly a horn blared loudly behind him. He pulled out of his puzzled fog with a jump as a familiar voice called, "Hi, flier!"

Tod whirled to see Myrna hopping out of her father's shiny new convertible.

"I heard rumors that you're taking up passengers today," she announced sweetly. "I'm second in line, you know."

Tod squared his shoulders. "You're first, sunshine!" he said quickly. "Let's take off!"

Kerry watched from the kitchen window as Tod and Myrna crossed the lot hand in hand, but she turned away when they reached the field. Her tear reddened eyes rested on the tempting lunch she'd prepared that morning. She'd been so happy making everything the way Tod liked it. With a loud sniff, she hurried from the kitchen and up the stairs to her room. There she could drown her sorrows in salty tears.

The plane buzzed over the house a few minutes later. The drone sent a chill through Kerry. She closed her eyes tightly to shut out the vision of Tod laughing and talking to Myrna—Myrna who was gay and unafraid.

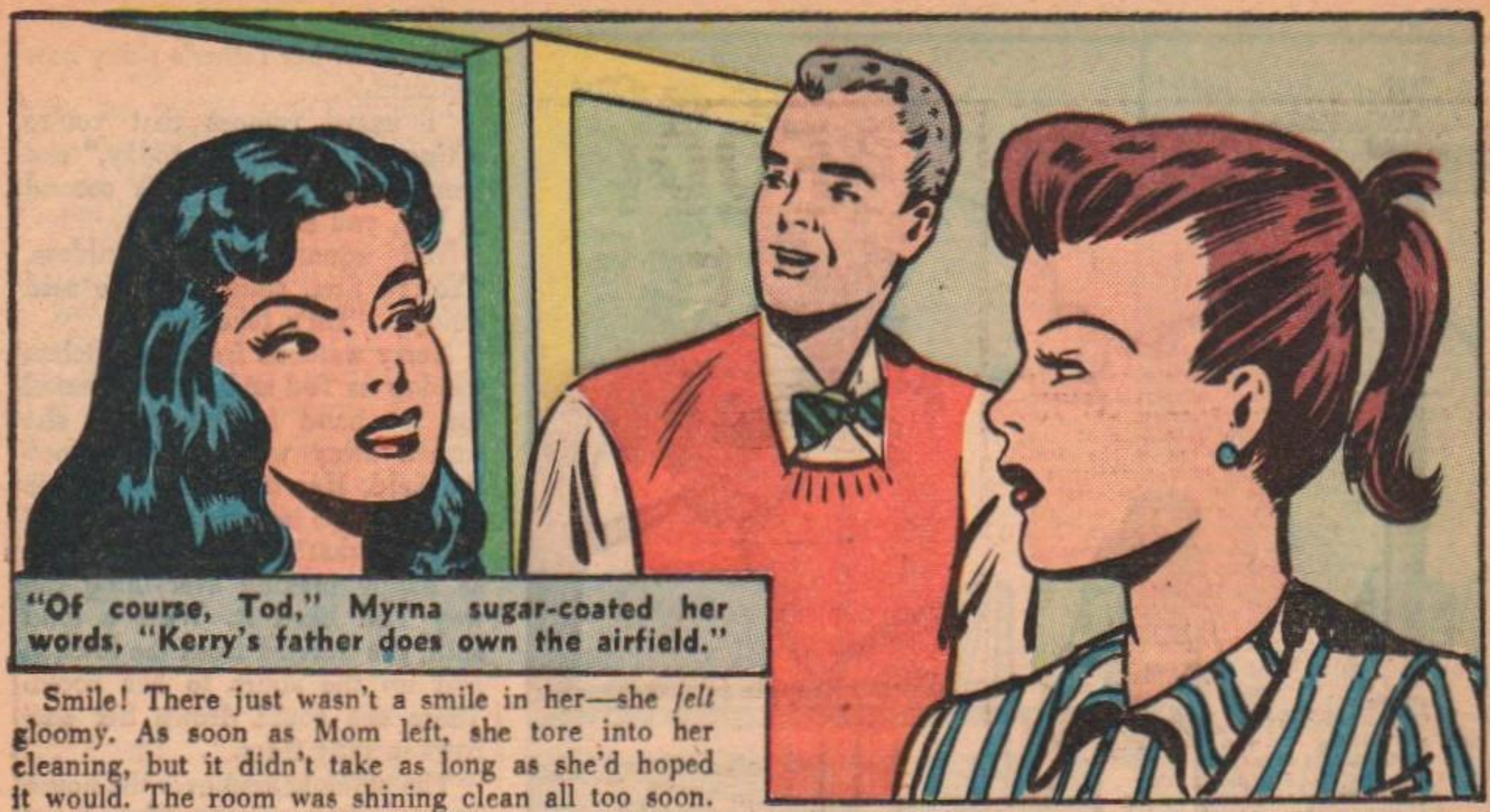
. . . Kerry saw very little of Tod the next few days. During school hours he managed to keep busy with his studies, and after school flying occupied his time. Kerry had to content herself with seeing him from a distance. Day after day she watched the familiar red jalopy come up the driveway. Her hopes would lift—maybe he'd stop at the house. Then — her hopes would crash again. For Tod always went straight over to the field and his beloved planes.

Kerry began to wonder how long it took to get over liking someone so much. Almost a week had gone by, but instead of getting over Tod, she was more miserable than ever. Finally, Saturday morning rolled around. Mom was going shopping uptown.

"Why don't you come along, Kerry? Tom's away today so your father is going up with a few advance students. You don't want to stay here at the house alone."

Kerry shrugged weary shoulders. "I don't mind, Mom. I'll just clean my room and putter around."

"If that's what you want," Mom replied. "But, Kerry dear, try a smile! You're the picture of gloom!"



"Of course, Tod," Myrna sugar-coated her words, "Kerry's father does own the airfield."

Smile! There just wasn't a smile in her—she *felt* gloomy. As soon as Mom left, she tore into her cleaning, but it didn't take as long as she'd hoped it would. The room was shining clean all too soon. Her troubled eyes looked around for something else to do. Finally, she snapped on her radio. A little music might help.

But an urgent voice blared forth, "We interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin. A light training plane crashed a few minutes ago in Carson's woods south of town . . ."

Kerry blindly snapped off the radio. A plane had crashed! Her knees turned to rubber. She thought of Dad, and her heart raced. Dad had gone up with a student. Her father was lame because years ago one of his students had frozen to the controls. It might have happened again! The same old fear gnawed at her throat. Then suddenly she knew what she had to do.

She flew down the stairs and picked up the phone. "Hello, operator," she clicked the button, "give me Culver 200." She waited what seemed like an eternity. Why didn't Tod answer? He just had to be home. A familiar sound came to her from outside. Tod's jalopy was grinding to a stop on the gravel drive. Kerry hung up the phone and quickly ran outside.

"Tod," she cried. "Wait!"

He was just getting out of the car, and he turned in surprise as she dashed up to him.

"Tod, I just tried to call you!" she exclaimed in short breathless gasps. "The radio . . . there's a plane down in the woods at Carson's." Her words were clipped and excited. "I know it's Dad! Oh, Tod . . . I have to get over there! Please take me!"

"That's no place to get into with a car," he informed her. "We'll have to fly," he told her calmly.

She nodded absently. "Only let's hurry, Tod! Please, let's hurry!"

. . . Automatically, Kerry climbed into the plane. Her mind was so filled with worried thoughts she didn't even know when they left the ground. Tod skilfully circled the small field, then motioned her to look down.

Kerry glanced out the window and drew in a deep breath. It seemed as if they were suspended in air. Houses and fields were like toys far below. Tod motioned to the left. Then she saw what he was pointing at. A yellow training plane glided below them and landed easily on the black ribbon that was the runway.

"It's Dad!" she cried in relief. "He's safe!"

Tod nodded. "You didn't wait for the rest of the broadcast, Kerry," he shouted to make himself heard above the roar of the motor. "I caught it on the car radio. The pilot of that plane bailed out, landed on Carson's farm and phoned the city airport."

Slowly the meaning of Tod's words began to sink in. Kerry looked at him with astonishment in her eyes. She saw the sheepish smile on his face.

"Tod! You knew Dad was safe all the time!" she exclaimed.

He winked at her the way he used to.

"I met your mother uptown before I came over," he shouted in her ear. "She told me a few things about you. I just hadn't caught on. I thought you were sore at me."

The happiness of the past weeks was Kerry's again. Bless Mom!

"You let me worry myself sick about Dad," she exclaimed, trying to scold.

"Not *too* sick, Kerry," he told her slyly. "Don't look now, but you're flying."

"What did you say?" she shouted.

"I said you're flying!" He looked pleased with himself.

Kerry ventured a hasty glance out the window at the velvety green carpets below, then up at the endless blue sky above. There was no fear in her heart now. She leaned back in the leather seat, determined to enjoy the ride. Her happy, enthused smile told Tod plainer than words that everything was perfect. His answering smile assured her that she was right.

THE END

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946

of Miss America published Monthly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1, 1948.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Robert Solomon, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Miss America and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations), printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Miss America Publishing Corp., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Editor, Stan. Lee, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Business Manager, Robert Solomon, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Miss America Publishing Corp., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue 1, N. Y.; Jean Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is ..... (This information is required from daily, weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly newspapers only.)

(Signed) ROBERT SOLOMON.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of September, 1948.

(SEAL) SYLVIA PIEGEN.
(My commission expires March 30, 1949.)

FOOD FOR FUN

PINEAPPLE FROMAGE . . .

Want a dessert that's delicious, different and delightful to look at—all at the same time? Then pineapple fromage is your answer!

Beat the yolks of two eggs with half a cup of sugar until the mixture is fluffy. To this, add the juice of half a lemon, the juice from a can of cubed pineapple and ¾ of a tablespoon of gelatin which has been soaked in two tablespoons of cold water and dissolved over hot water. Stir all until thick. Fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites, with a cup of heavy whipped cream and the pineapple cubes. Pour into a mold rinsed in cold water, and set in the refrigerator for three hours. Unmold, and garnish with slices of pineapple and maraschino cherries.

SERVING SCONES! . . .

Nothing's more impressive at a tea than great plates of scones, hot and dripping with butter, all ready for the marmalade to be tucked into their middles.

And scones are so simple to make. Sift together two cups of flour, a teaspoon of salt and half a teaspoon of soda. Add about ¾ of a cup of milk or just enough to make a soft dough. Shape the dough into small round cakes or buns, and bake to a light brown on a hot griddle. Split, butter, wrap in a napkin and serve.

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SOMETIMES SOLVING A MYSTERY RESULTS IN SURPRISES FOR EVERYONE CONCERNED — BUT JILL JUST COULDN'T BELIEVE WHAT SHE DISCOVERED IN THE...

I must have sat there five minutes, looking at those pictures in stunned disbelief and horror.

Mystery of the SIX PIX!

By Tripp Hammond

"TELL me just one thing, David Saxon," I said. "am I attractive to you?"

David considered me, his lips pursed. I wanted to bounce a book off his handsome head, but he *is*, after all, editor of our high school news sheet. I'm merely Jill Matthews, star reporter, ace photographer, and the paper's other worker. "Attractive," he admitted.

"Then why don't you do something about it?" I said, waving my arms. "Why don't you take me out, for instance?"

"Got any place in mind you want to go?"

I shut my eyes and counted up to two. "No," I said. "Skip it. *You're scared*," I taunted him. "You know you couldn't resist me if I got you in the moonlight."

He bristled. "I'm too busy for a love life, and I probably couldn't afford one anyway." That was a weak argument, and we both knew it so he changed the subject. "Got anything for the paper?" he asked.

I had a couple of items. The first concerned Beanie Benson, our classmate and daughter of the town's richest citizen. "Beanie in a bathing suit," I said, handing him a photo.

"Anything about Beanie is news around here," he admitted. "What did she do—break a fingernail?"

"Better than that," I said. "She went swimming in the school pool last night and lost her platinum fountain pen. She thought she'd put it in her locker, but it was gone. The janitor found it in the corridor."

"Everyone knows Beanie's careless with her valuables. That's not news," David said. "It's different when she actually loses something, like her purse in the Broken Bowl last month."

The Broken Bowl, favorite dispensary of malteds and juke jive for our school cafe society, was the subject of my other story. "The B.B. was burglarized last night," I said. "Bobby Lewis, the fountain boy, found the cash register broken into when he opened up this morning. Money must have been taken, but he doesn't know how much or who did it."

"Story's no good." David said. "It's sordid."

"But it has a great human interest twist," I argued. "Everyone knows Bobby has to work because his father had an accident five months ago and is still in the hospital. And everyone likes Bobby—our readers would approve of publicity on him. Here's his picture."

"I still don't like it without knowing who the burglar was," David said.

I was getting no place. "What does a girl have to *be* to make an impression on you personally and editorially?" I asked.

"Smart," he said.

"Smart enough to find out who burglarized the B.B.?" I queried.

"I couldn't resist a girl *that* smart," he admitted.

"Good!" I exclaimed. "I have something to work on."

"Work on another civic improvement feature," he said firmly.

"We could clean up the Department of Sanitation," I suggested.

But he was seeking inspiration. "Illegal lotteries in our town," he said suddenly. "How does that strike you?"

"Like a wet dishrag," I stated.

"Check to see if there are any, anyway," he said, rising and leading me to the door.

. . . I sought solace over a banana split at the Broken Bowl. "Bobby," I said, "why won't David admit he's madly devoted to me?"

"It's your past, Jill," Bobby said. "Always before when you wanted some boy friend, you snapped your fingers and got him. Then you often didn't want him any more. Dave's afraid he'll get the same treatment."

"But the big drip gives me a *genuine* purple seizure," I protested.

"It's tough," Bobby admitted sympathetically. "Would another scoop of strawberry help?"

I looked up in amazement. Bobby serves everyone generously, but extras are really extraordinary. "Hey, what gives?" I asked.

"Mr. Stryker just fired me," he said.

Wow! This was *real* news! The whole school might get into an uproar. It did three months ago when Max Stryker bought the store and tried to substitute a good-looking girl for Bobby, thinking that would increase business. The B.B. was boycotted until Mr. Stryker took Bobby back. "Why?" I demanded.

"Mr. Stryker didn't actually accuse me, but he thinks I broke into the cash register last night."

"And you can't prove you didn't because you're home alone!"

Bobby shook his head. "Dad had another operation last night, and I stayed at the hospital. But Mr. Stryker didn't give me a chance to explain."

"He'll listen to the voice of the press," I declared, and left.

. . . Someone else was punching Mr. Stryker's doorbell when I arrived. It was David. "Now I understand that silly lotteries assignment," I whispered. "You want to solve the B.B. burglary yourself so you won't have to ask me for a date."

"I'm just trying to help Bobby," he said.

Mr. Stryker was small and dark. "Frankly, I think Bobby did it," he said when we'd explained our mission. "A crook would have taken everything, but a boy like Bobby would take only what he needed. He has the only other keys, and the store doesn't look broken into. Of course, I won't prosecute . . ."

"Was much money missing?" David asked.

"The register tape showed a shortage of a couple of dollars," Mr. Stryker said. "I dropped in after hours last night—I often do to check on things. The cash register hadn't been tampered with then. I figure Bobby hid some of the day's receipts instead of ringing it up. Late last night he came and got it, and pried open the cash register to make it look like an outside job."

"But Bobby couldn't have done it," David said, and told Mr. Stryker about the hospital. "A dozen people can swear he didn't leave all night."

Mr. Stryker looked relieved. "I feel like a heel," he said. "Bobby's a nice boy, and I know only too

"Not only are you beautiful," he grinned, "but you're intelligent as well!"

well how much the students like him. I'll reinstate him immediately."

Outside, I took David's arm. "I've never seen you as a doer of good deeds," I said. "When will you do me one and ask for a date?"

"Eventually," he said.

"You will when I find the B.B. burglar," I said. "You promised."

. . . My father owns a camera store, but he used to be a big newspaper photographer, and that night he helped me with the technical aspects of an idea I had. Early next morning I hurried to the Broken Bowl. Bobby was happy about being reinstated, but worried, too. "Whoever really broke in might do it again," he said, "and next time I might not have an alibi."

Then I told him my plan. From Dad's shop I'd borrowed six cameras, each with an electric eye arrangement. Bobby and I set them up in a line down the length of the store, hiding them in the decorations. Bobby would turn them on when he closed up each night so that anyone who entered the store would be photographed every time he passed through the beams. If the burglar tried it again, we'd have him!

We'd just finished when a car stopped out front. In it were Beanie Benson and David in what looked like a very private conversation. David left her reluctantly and entered the B.B. so preoccupied he didn't see me. I waited until he'd ordered a malted

in a booth before I moved in. "Would you like me better if I were blond like Beanie?" I asked.

"I like you as you are, Jill," he said. "In fact, I worship and adore you . . ."

I was about to shriek and throw my arms around his neck.

". . . in a casual sort of way," he added. "I feel that when I stop being casual, you'll wander off to new fields."

"I suppose I'll have to chase you fruitlessly for the rest of my life to prove I'm the constant type," I said, "and meanwhile you'll console yourself with girls like Beanie."

"I was only getting information from Beanie about her lost valuables," he insisted.

I had an intuitive flash. "Then you connect the B.B. burglary with the things she's lost," I said, and saw from his startled look that I'd hit on something.

"What have you found out about it?" he asked.

"I'll tell what I know when you tell what you know," I said.

He studied me a moment silently. "You're bluffing," he said then. He got up and left.

"You'll be sorry," I called after him, "when I get the conclusive proof!" But he didn't answer.

. . . Working on the theory that Beanie's valuables might be connected with the robbery, I asked the janitor about her pen. *David* was the one who'd actually found it! He'd passed her locker that night just as she'd realized it was missing. Later he'd picked it up in the corridor and given it to the janitor.

David must suspect that the pen was stolen. In this case the thief must have lost it before he could get away with it, but he had a key to Beanie's locker and looked into it at intervals. *Of course!* The thief got her locker key when he stole her purse in the Broken Bowl. That would make the culprit someone we all knew. I felt I was getting some place.

The rest of my spare time that day I investigated lotteries, and what I found shocked me! They *had* started up in our town. The police believed the racket's headquarters were in a poolroom back of the hospital. The poolroom was run by a tough guy named Louis Crastner, who had come from Kansas City three months ago. That night I had my father call up a newspaper there, and we discovered Crastner had served a sentence for operating lottery rackets.

This might mean that our thief was connected somehow with that poolroom, too. That narrowed the choice even more.

. . . I stopped at the B.B. early next morning. "All your cameras show exposures," Bobby told me, "but nothing was broken into so it must have been Mr. Stryker."

I developed the film in Dad's store. Bobby was right. The pictures showed Mr. Stryker come in, take some cigarettes and leave, and two of the pix showed the clock, setting the time at around eleven. But the B.B.'s night lights weren't as bright as I'd figured so I adjusted the cameras before returning them to Bobby to put back.

I couldn't find David the rest of that day. Was he avoiding me? The next morning was Saturday, and by the time I caught him at his house I had some more news. "Beanie lost her diamond wrist watch last night," I told him. "She put it in her locker before she began playing badminton in the school gym, but it was gone when she returned."

To my surprise, David seemed uninterested. "Wait until you know whether it's really lost before you write it up," he said.

But he *was* excited when I told him about the lotteries. He even grabbed my hands and squeezed them when I finished. "Not only are you beautiful," he grinned, "but you're intelligent as well!"

He was out the door before I recovered. "What do you want me to do now?" I shouted.

"Go back to being just beautiful!" he yelled, and was gone.

On the way home I tried to think it out. Obviously David felt he was getting close, and he must think that the lottery poolroom was important. It might be dangerous, and that's why he was keeping me out of it, the big sweet character.

At home Mother told me Bobby had called four times. I called him right away. "Come down at once," he whispered frantically into the phone. "The cash register was broken into again, and your cameras show a lot of exposures!"

My fingers trembled and excitement rippled along my nerves as I worked in the darkroom. The negatives showed that these pix would be perfectly clear. At last the first set was finished. They showed Mr. Stryker again, going into his store at 10:23, getting some cigars and leaving. The clock showed he had been there only two minutes.

But the second set of pictures showed the burglar! He entered from the back, probably through a small window there. He arrived at 11:03 and left at 11:19. One especially clear picture showed him prying open the cash register with a screwdriver.

I must have sat there five minutes, looking at those pictures in stunned disbelief and horror. Then I buried my head in my arms and sobbed. The burglar was David! And it was partly my fault! He'd said he couldn't afford to take me out, but I hadn't believed he really needed money and I'd pushed him for dates. *I* had driven him to crime!

But it couldn't be David—it just *couldn't!* I didn't care what the pictures showed. There must be some explanation that would clear him, and I had to know immediately.

David was just leaving when I arrived at his house. "I've got to speak to you," I said urgently.

"I'm in a big hurry," he said, but then he saw how serious I was, and silently took me inside.

"David, look at these," I said, handing him all the photographs, "and tell me I haven't found the thief."

He paled a bit, I think, and frowned as he took the photographs. He studied them curiously.

"Not those of Mr. Stryker," I said, "the others."

Then he saw those of himself. He stiffened, and his hands began to shake. For a long time he said nothing. Finally he stuffed all the pictures into his pocket and looked at me questioningly. I handed him the negatives. "There are no other prints so

that's all the evidence," I said. "But, David, I want an explanation."

His face softened, and his eyes held a look I'd been hoping for months to see. But he pulled me toward the door. "Come on," he said, "I'll explain on the way."

Fifteen minutes later we had forced our way into the police captain's office. In front of his desk sat Bobby, looking frightened, and Mr. Stryker, looking pained. "Bobby's basically a good boy," Mr. Stryker was saying. "It's just that he was so hard up, with his father in the hospital. But Bobby *did* take Miss Benson's watch and hide it in my store."

"Bobby never stole anything in his life," I said hotly to Mr. Stryker. "*You* stole Beanie's watch and hid it in your store to make it look as if Bobby's a thief. You also stole Beanie's purse and got her locker key from it."

Mr. Stryker drew back in amazement, then turned to the policeman. "The girl must be confused," he said, laughing. "Why would I do a silly thing like that?"

"Because you wanted to fire Bobby," David said. "When you bought the store, you wanted to make some quick money from the school kids. You had all sorts of deals cooked up, including a lottery racket. When Bobby wouldn't work them for you, you fired him, but the kids boycotted your place until you took him back. Bobby told me all about it. You couldn't start your schemes until you got rid of Bobby so you tried to make him seem a thief, thinking we couldn't object to your firing him then."

"You're *both* crazy!" Mr. Stryker exclaimed.

"Do you deny that you entered your store at 10:23 last night and hid Beanie's watch in a box of cigars?" I asked.

"Certainly," Mr. Stryker said. "I have a witness to prove . . ."

"The witness is Louis Crastner, I suppose," David said, "your old buddy in the lottery racket in Kansas City. When I heard Crastner had come here three months ago, too, and that *he* had once been mixed up in lotteries, I called the Kansas City police. I understand they're looking for someone answering your description."

Mr. Stryker had grown white. I threw the six pix of him on the policeman's desk. "That evidence should be better than Crastner's testimony," I said.

. . . "But you still haven't told me why you broke in here," I said to David when he and Bobby and I were sitting in a booth at the B.B.

"I saw Stryker running away from the school the night Beanie lost her pen," David said. "I followed him here and watched him through the window at the back when he put the pen in the cash register. I realized then that Bobby was being framed. The window lock had rusted so I opened the window, went in, got the pen and took it back to the janitor. I told Beanie to tell me if she lost anything again. When she reported her watch was gone, I still hadn't found anything on Stryker so I tried again. But this time he hadn't hidden it in the register, and I couldn't find it."

"But even if Mr. Stryker is going to jail," I said, "how come we're getting a free malted?"

"Dad's going to buy the B.B. with the money from his accident compensation," Bobby said. "I'll bring another round."

When Bobby left, I sat silently, afraid to look at David. In a moment he'd remember that I'd thought he was the crook, and his indifference would surely turn to hate.

He tapped me on the shoulder. "What are you doing tonight, pet?" he asked.

I turned to him, my eyes wide-open. "Don't tell me you're giving in! You're not going to ask me for a *date!*" I cried.

He nodded, a happy grin on his face.

"And I did it without benefit of moonlight!" I exclaimed.

"It was when you handed me those negatives," he said. "Thinking that I might be the thief, you still stood up for me. That gave me a real purple seizure, and I couldn't hold out any longer."

He was right. He couldn't—and didn't. And Bobby must have drunk the three malteds himself, sitting alone in another booth!

THE END

COOKIES AND ICING

If you want to take the gang by surprise the next time they drop around, or at one of your Saturday night parties, try some of these luscious new recipes for cookies and cake icing, made with TOOTSIE ROLLS' wonderful new TOOTSIE fudge 'n' frosting mix.

TOOTSIE Cookie Crunchies: ½ cup shortening, 1 package of TOOTSIE fudge 'n' frosting mix, 7 tablespoons of water, 1½ cups sifted all-purpose flour and two teaspoons of baking powder. Mix the shortening, TOOTSIE fudge mix, and water together until the mixture is smooth and creamy. Add the dry ingredients gradually and beat until thoroughly blended. Drop the batter by the half teaspoonful onto a greased cookie sheet, allowing 2" space between each cookie. Bake at 350 degrees F. for 12 minutes. And you've baked yourself 5-6 dozen of the crispiest, crunchiest cookies the gang has ever tasted.

TOOTSIE Fudge Drop Cookies: ½ cup shortening, 2 cups TOOTSIE fudge 'n' frosting mix, 1 beaten egg, ½ cup of milk, 1¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder. Cream the shortening and the TOOTSIE fudge mix together, add the beaten eggs, and mix thoroughly. Add the milk and the remaining dry ingredients alternately, beating after each addition. Drop the batter by the teaspoonful onto a greased cookie sheet and bake at 350 degrees F. for 12-15 minutes. Space cookies 2" apart. The end result will be 4-5 dozen fudgey cookies that will make your friends rave.

TOOTSIE Chocolate Cream Icing: For an icing that will make your plainest cake sparkle with delightful, new, full flavor, try this new recipe. Take 1/3 cup shortening, 1 package of TOOTSIE fudge 'n' frosting mix, 4 tablespoons milk, and ½ teaspoon vanilla. Cream the shortening, add the TOOTSIE fudge mix and the milk, and mix until smooth. Flavor with vanilla and mix until thoroughly combined. Spread on 9" layers or on loaf cake.

Your first package of TOOTSIE fudge 'n' frosting mix will delight you. This is a new product prepared for easy baking by the makers of those wonderful TOOTSIE ROLL candies, and it is the key to successful parties, wonderful get-togethers, and besides, you'll never be caught off guard when the gang drops in unexpectedly. Keep a supply of TOOTSIE cookies on hand, and your house will be the crowd's favorite hangout.

DESSERT---

LUSCIOUS LEMON . . .

How about surprising your family with a lemon pie for dessert tomorrow? Here goes:

Soak a tablespoon of gelatin in a little cold water. Combine half a cup of sugar with half a cup of lemon juice, ¼ of a teaspoon of salt and the lightly beaten yolks of four eggs. Cook in the top of a double boiler, stirring until thickened. Add the dissolved gelatin and a teaspoon or more of grated lemon rind. Blend well, and let the mixture cool slightly.

Beat the egg whites until they're stiff, with half a cup of sugar, and whip one cup of heavy cream until it's stiff. When the custard starts to thicken, beat it with a wire whisk to make it fluffy, fold in the egg whites, and then fold in the cream.

Pour into a baked pie shell and chill thoroughly before serving.

This is a winner that always rates top honors!

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PATSY WALKER

WHAT DO YOU MEAN THIS PARTY IS IN HONOR OF YOUR *FATHER*? HE ISN'T EVEN *HERE!*

THAT'S WHY WE'RE *CELEBRATING!*

"POP'S PARTY!"

3230

WHEW! I'M GLAD IT'S SATURDAY AGAIN! THIS HAS BEEN A *ROUGH* WEEK! ANYWAY, HERE'S MY PAY ENVELOPE!

THANK YOU, DEAR!

STANLEY! THERE'S FOUR DOLLARS *LESS* THIS WEEK!

WELL... ER... DEDUCTIONS, MY DEAR... YOU KNOW..! TAXES, SOCIAL SECURITY, RETIREMENT FUND...

1

BUT LAST WEEK IT WAS FIVE DOLLARS AND THE WEEK BEFORE IT WAS THREE DOLLARS! I JUST *DON'T* UNDERSTAND!

WHY MARY! ARE YOU IMPLYING THAT *I* WOULD WITHHOLD MONEY FROM YOU? IM-I'M *TERRIBLY* HURT!

OH, I'M SORRY DEAR! I DIDN'T MEAN TO... I'M SURE YOU WOULDN'T!

ER... UH... *THAT'S BETTER!* (AHEM!)

NOW WHAT?

I'M *STAYING!*

YES I AM!

OH, *YEAH?*

NO, YOU'RE *NOT!*

YOU JUST *TRY* IT!

YEAH!

SAY WHAT'S ALL THIS ABOUT?

DADDY, PATSY WON'T LET ME STAY AT HER PARTY TONIGHT!

I *CERTAINLY* WON'T! MY GROWN-UP FRIENDS WOULDN'T ENJOY A PARTY WHERE *CHILDREN* ARE PRESENT!

GROWN-UP FRIENDS? NOW, SEE HERE, PATSY, THERE'S NO REASON WHY YOUR LITTLE BROTHER CAN'T JOIN YOUR PARTY! IN FACT, I'M SURE WE'LL **ALL** HAVE A GOOD TIME!

OH, MOTHER! MY PARTY WILL BE *RUINED!*

BUT PATSY, YOU KNOW THIS PARTY WILL BE A DISMAL FAILURE WITHOUT US! I KNOW THAT MICKEY AND I HAVE *ALWAYS* BEEN THE *ONLY* LIVE WIRES AT YOUR PARTIES!

THAT'S BECAUSE NO ONE EVER ENJOYED THEMSELVES WITH *YOU TWO* RUNNING THINGS! OH MOTHER, YOU PROMISED TO KEEP DADDY AND MICKEY AWAY!

YES, PATSY! AND I *WILL!*

OH, THANKS, MOM! YOU'RE A DARLING! I'VE GOT TO CALL NANCY NOW!

ALL RIGHT, DEAR RUN ALONG AND MAKE YOUR PLANS, AND DON'T WORRY!

...BUT NANCY, ARE THOSE THE ONLY TWO GAMES WE CAN PLAY... OH, I GUESS WE'LL THINK OF MORE LATER!

JUST LISTEN TO THAT, MICKEY! THEY CAN'T EVEN THINK OF MORE THAN TWO GAMES TO PLAY!

GOLLY, DAD, WE ALWAYS FIGURED OUT LOADS OF GOOD GAMES! I CAN SEE WHERE THIS PARTY IS A ***FIZZLE*** ALREADY!

ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO! START MOVING! I'M GOING TO AUNT MARTHA'S BUT YOU CAN GO TO A MOVIE, IF YOU LIKE!

OH, ALL RIGHT!

AW!

I KNOW ONE THING, MICKEY... OUR ABSENCE WILL BE FELT AT THAT PARTY!

SURE! I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF THEY COME LOOKING FOR US AT THE THEATRE TO GET US BACK TO TRY AND SAVE THE EVENING FOR THEM!

JUST IMAGINE IT, MICKEY... THEY ONLY KNOW ***TWO GAMES!*** WHY, BY NINE O'CLOCK THE GAMES WILL BE OVER AND THEY'LL BE JUST SITTING AROUND STARING AT EACH OTHER!

I'LL BET IF WE CAME IN AT THAT TIME, THEY'D BE TICKLED PINK! SAY, DAD, ***LOOK IN HERE!***

NOVELTY SHOP

PARTY GAMES

3

DOESN'T THIS GIVE YOU AN *IDEA*, DAD?

IT SURE *DOES!* IT'S OUR DUTY TO HELP THOSE YOUNGSTERS OUT! AFTER ALL, PATSY'S A VERY CLOSE RELATIVE AND SHE'D BE BROKEN HEARTED IF THIS PARTY WAS A FLOP! *COME ON!*

LTY

OP

PARTY GAMES

MEANWHILE AT THE PARTY...

GOLLY, PATSY, WE'RE HAVING A *WONDERFUL* TIME! BUT SAY, HOW DID YOU EVER GET RID OF *YOU KNOW WHO?*

OH, MOM TOOK CARE OF THEM! THEY'RE TUCKED AWAY IN SOME MOVIE THEATRE!

WELL, GANG, WE'RE GOING TO PLAY A LITTLE GAME NOW! GATHER ROUND IN A CIRCLE!

OKAY, PATSY! SPIN IT! BUT IT BETTER POINT TO ME! *HA, HA!*

HA! PATSY KISSES ME!

OH, NO, BUZZ! SHE KISSES *ME!*

I'LL SETTLE IT! I'LL KISS YOU BOTH!

OKAY!

OKAY!

SLAM!

HI'YA, GANG! I'LL BET YOU THOUGHT WE'D LET YOU DOWN! HA! OH, NO! WE'RE HERE AGAIN TO *REALLY* START THINGS MOVING! *HA! HA!*

AND WHAT'S MORE, WE'VE GOT A PILE OF THE LATEST GAMES! DARTS, QUOITS, PARTY GAMES, EVERYTHING! WE'LL HAVE THEM SET UP IN *NO TIME AT ALL!*

OOOOHHHHH!

IT WAS TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE WHEN I CAME IN AND THEY WEREN'T HERE!

POP WANTED ME TO CLEAN THE BASEMENT TONIGHT! I WISH I *HAD!*

PHOOEY!

OH, BROTHER! HERE'S WHERE WE PLAY SOME REAL **FAST** GAMES! I HOPE I STILL REMEMBER MY MUMBLY PEG!

HELLO! MOTHER? OH, MOM! IT'S AWFUL! DAD AND MICKEY DIDN'T GO TO A MOVIE! THEY'RE HERE! 'EVERYONE'S MISERABLE! OHHH, MOM! I FEEL **AWFUL!** (SNIFF!)

I'LL BE RIGHT HOME, DEAR!

HURRY, MICKEY! LET'S GET THE GAMES UNWRAPPED! IT'S SO QUIET IN THERE, I JUST *KNOW* THEY'RE HAVING A DULL TIME!

LOOKS TO ME LIKE WE GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!

ER...I'M SORRY, PATSY, I'VE GOT TO LEAVE! MY AUNT IS VERY SICK AND...

MINE IS TOO, SO...

I DON'T HAVE A SICK AUNT BUT I FEEL SICK MYSELF!

SO! STANLEY! WHAT IS THE *MEANING* OF THIS!

OH! HELLO DEAR! I'M SURE YOU'LL UNDERSTAND! THE GANG WAS HAVIN' AN **AWFUL** TIME UNTIL WE CAME IN! BUT NOW THEY'RE *REALLY* GOING TO HAVE FUN!

OH, MOTHER! (BOO HOO!) (SNIFF! SNIFF!) I'M GLAD YOU CAME BACK! EVERYONE IS LEAVING!

HAVING A GOOD TIME, *EH?* YOU MEDDLER! *NOW, LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!*

WELL... I...ER...THAT IS...

THIS IS A FINE MESS! THE PEOPLE AROUND HERE DO NOT APPRECIATE SOMETHING GOOD WHEN THEY SEE IT!

DAD I'VE GOT AN IDEA! THESE BEAN BAGS CAN SAVE THE WHOLE SHOW!

BEAN BAGS? THE MOOD EVERYONE IS IN I'M SURE THEY WON'T WANT TO PLAY WITH BEAN BAGS!

I DON'T MEAN THAT! MY IDEA IS TO GET THESE BEANS OUT AND HIDE THEM ALL OVER THE HOUSE! THEN THE GANG GOES LOOKING FOR THEM! THE ONE WHO FINDS THE MOST GETS A *PRIZE!*

SAY! THAT'S NOT *BAD!* ESPECIALLY IF THE PRIZE IS MONEY! THEY'D LOVE THAT! WHY I'LL PUT UP A DOLLAR MYSELF!

IT CAN'T FAIL, DAD! I BET THIS MAKES A *TERRIFIC* HIT!

OKAY, MICKEY! YOU RUN AROUND THE HOUSE AND HIDE THOSE BEANS! I'LL ANNOUNCE THE CONTEST!

RIGHT!

LISTEN, GANG! THIS GAME IS *TERRIFIC!* WE'VE HIDDEN BEANS THROUGHOUT THE HOUSE! ALL OF YOU WILL HUNT FOR 'EM AND THE ONE WHO COLLECTS THE MOST WILL HAVE A SWELL *SURPRISE* FOR HER OR HIS EFFORTS... *A BRAND NEW DOLLAR BILL!*

SOME GAME!

YEAH! FOR A MEASLY OL' DOLLAR BILL HE'S SURE GOING TO MAKE US WORK!

WE MIGHT AS WELL DO IT AS WE'LL NEVER GET OUT OF HERE OTHERWISE!

PLEASE, MARY! WATCH! THIS WILL REALLY LIVEN THINGS UP!

HMPH!

HEY, LOOK! I'VE GOT TWO MORE!

YIPPEE! I JUST FOUND FIVE MORE!

SAY, THIS IS SWELL! I FOUND THREE MORE!

?

SEE!

HEY! THIS IS TERRIFIC! I'VE GOT FORTY ALREADY!

MR. WALKER SURE OUTDID HIMSELF THIS TIME! I'VE NEVER HAD THIS MUCH FUN IN MY LIFE!

ALL RIGHT, GANG! TIME'S UP! NOW, FOR THE WINNER! WHO FOUND THE MOST?

I GUESS I DID! I'VE GOT SIXTY-SEVEN!

I'VE ONLY GOT FIFTY, BUT I'M SATISFIED!

I'VE GOT FORTY-THREE AND I'M TICKLED SILLY!

HERE'S YOUR DOLLAR PRIZE, BUZZ! AND I WANT TO *CONGRATULATE* YOU!

AND I MUST CONGRATULATE *YOU*, MISTER WALKER, FOR MAKING THIS PARTY A *TERRIFIC* HIT!

YOU HAD US FOOLED WHEN YOU SENT US LOOKING FOR THOSE BEANS! BUT AS SOON AS WE STARTED FINDING THOSE ***DOLLAR BILLS***, WE REALIZED WHAT A TERRIFIC GAME IT WAS!

DOLLAR BILLS? **YIPE!**

OHHHHH! MY LIFE'S SAVINGS! OHHH! I'M SICK! THEY FOUND EVERY DOLLAR THAT I CAREFULLY HID! I'M RUINED!

OH, DADDY! YOU WERE ***WONDERFUL!*** THE PARTY WAS JUST SUPER!

HEH! HEH! THANKS, PATSY!

IT COST ME $224! IT ***SHOULD*** BE, AT ***THAT*** PRICE!

I REALIZE NOW WHY THOSE DEDUCTIONS FROM YOUR PAY WERE DIFFERENT EVERY WEEK! NOW ***I'M*** GOING TO MAKE A FEW DEDUCTIONS...THREE DOLLARS FROM YOUR CARFARE, FOUR DOLLARS FROM YOUR LUNCH MONEY, AND TWO DOLLARS FROM YOUR TOBACCO ALLOWANCE!

Y-YES, DEAR!

S.W.

HEY, DAD! MOTHER SAID NOT TO WORRY! THE GANG JUST RETURNED ALL YOUR MONEY! AND LOOK-- WE FORGOT TO PLAY THIS GAME!

WE CAN PLAY ***THAT*** RIGHT NOW! JUST PIN THEM ***HERE*** WHERE THEY ***BELONG!***

?

PIN THE EARS ON THE JACKASS!

THE END

The Queen and Mr. Yuk!

TRYING TO MEET SOMEONE IMPORTANT CAN BE A DIFFICULT JOB — ESPECIALLY WHEN A DANCER, A CAT, AND A BIRD GET THEIR SIGNALS MIXED!

By Susan Strange

"COME on, kid," said Mr. Yuk, "let's you and me do the town!"

Rochelle Briggs put down her soda and tightened her ballet slippers. If she heard Mr. Yuk, she gave no sign. They were alone in the cottage, and the Florida afternoon was hot, but she still had another half hour of practicing. Dutifully, she rose on her toes. "First, the capriole," she murmured and began dancing.

"Wow! What a party!" Mr. Yuk shouted. "Oh, me, I should've stood in bed!"

This time Rochelle heard him. She executed a leap and stood in front of him. "Why can't you be a *dignified* and *cultured* myna bird?" she pleaded.

"Throw her out!" Mr. Yuk cried.

"I'll cover your cage," Rochelle threatened.

"I'll knock you down at a moment's notice," Mr. Yuk remarked conversationally. But as the cloth descended around him, he observed sleepily, "I'm Mr. Yuk, and anyone in the house can lick me."

Rochelle, however, was too happy to be disturbed by her talking bird. After Brooklyn, Florida was sheer glamour. She had persuaded her mother to come to this particular resort because the great Gighensiev, premier dancer and ballet master of the National Ballet Group, was here preparing for the spring season in New York. And he was looking for someone to dance Lisette in his ballet *April Snow*.

It wasn't a large part, but it was perfect for Rochelle; for ten of her sixteen years she had been working for just such a chance. If only she could *see* Gighensiev, she was sure she could persuade him to consider her. Right now, her mother was finding out if anyone at her club knew Gighensiev well enough to arrange an introduction for Rochelle. Excitement made her leap high in an entrechat.

The doorbell rang. It was the mailman with a letter for her.

"Dear Miss Briggs," she read. "In the week you've been here, I've had a wonderful time because my windows look into yours and I could watch you jump around and make cracks. I thought you were daffy. But today I figured out you dance, but you have a silly talking crow. So maybe you aren't daffy. Personally, I have nothing against birds except that they're stupid, but yours annoys Feroze. Feroze is a queen cat, a blue Persian with a pedigree longer than most. But she has one quirk—many purebred animals have quirks—she likes birds. She'd even like yours, but she thinks it's a man. And if there's anything Feroze *can't* stand, it's a noisy, uncouth human being, which your bird can certainly imitate. Feroze is getting really upset so would you kindly keep your bird muzzled and oblige? Your friend, Mike Higgins. P.S. I hear you're from Brooklyn—well, I'm from the Bronx. Isn't it a small world?"

Rochelle knew that artistic people like herself were aggravated continuously by ignorant boors, but this Higgins person was too much. She yanked the cover from Mr. Yuk's cage and tweaked his tail, a sure way of making him talk. He promptly began running through his extensive vocabulary of loud remarks.

Then she addressed a letter to Mr. Higgins. "You

are laboring under some misapprehensions," she wrote, "which I really must correct. First, Mr. Yuk is not a 'talking crow.' He's a myna bird my father brought back from Burma. The myna talks more than a parrot, and Mr. Yuk, due to unfortunate associations in his early life, may lack some of the refinements of good manners—but he still could teach you a lot about them! Second, what you consider aristocratic temperament in that cat of yours is probably just worms. And what you say about her being unable to stand 'noisy, uncouth human beings' is absurd. Otherwise, how could she stand her master? Sincerely yours, Rochelle Briggs. P.S. There's a great distance between Brooklyn and the Bronx. Remember that the two places are situated at opposite ends of the world's longest subway ride!"

She ran next door and dropped the letter into the mailbox, and back home she felt better. "I'll start practicing from the glissade," she said.

Again the doorbell rang. This time a young man with freckles and an impish grin stood there. "Say," he said, "up close you're even better looking!"

"Mr. Higgins?" she asked.

"Y'guessed it, pal!" he replied.

"Good *day*, Mr. Higgins!" she said. She intended to close the door, but a furry streak shot past her into the house.

"That's Feroze," Mike Higgins said. "If she can see Mr. Yuk, she won't get so nervous when she hears him."

Mr. Yuk gave a ghastly screech when he saw Feroze. For a moment words failed him. "Throw her out!" he screamed finally.

At the sound of his speech Feroze stopped, frozen, her jaw open, her erect tail a cobalt plume. Mr. Yuk thrust his head down through the bars and shrieked, "I'll knock you down at a moment's notice!"

"She'll kill him! She'll eat Mr. Yuk," Rochelle cried.

Slowly, Feroze relaxed. She gazed up at Mr. Yuk in awe and worship and purred adoringly.

Rochelle pointed to her. "Get her and take her out!" she commanded.

"What did I tell you?" Mike said, entering. He sat down by Feroze. "She *loves* birds—especially this one."

"It happens," Rochelle said acidly, "that you're interrupting my work. I'm preparing for the ballet."

"Dancing," he said. "That reminds me. I wanted to ask you, how about our doing the local jive joints tonight for some *real* dancing?"

Rochelle shuddered and closed her eyes. "No." she managed to say.

"*Throw her out!*" Mr. Yuk insisted.

"Don't listen to that crazy crow," Mike said. "He doesn't know what he's saying."

"*How dare you*," Rochelle gasped, "come into my house and insult my bird!"

Mike rose. "You must be upset today," he said sympathetically. He called Feroze. Reluctantly, she followed him, but at the door she turned, love lighting her great orange eyes, and purred again, throwing Mr. Yuk a kiss.

"I'll ask again about a date when you feel better," Mike added and left.

"What a party!" the myna muttered as Rochelle collapsed into a chair. She felt she should practice the glissade, but she found herself thinking of Mike's grin and the way his hair curled over his forehead. Annoyed at herself, she abandoned the thought of further work and went to her shower.

Her mother returned an hour later. "No luck," Mrs. Briggs said. "They say Gighensiev is so busy with his troupe and a new ballet that he sees nobody. He even keeps a cot at his theater and sleeps there most nights."

Rochelle was bitterly disappointed. Would her years of toil be wasted just because she could get no professional to see her accomplishments? "Mother, I've *got* to meet him," she said.

Mrs. Briggs sighed. "I did learn that he dines every night at La Superba, a supper club, but I can't take you there because ladies must be escorted." She went into the kitchen.

The supper club is the most likely place to see him, Rochelle thought. But even if I got in, how could I attract his attention?

"Throw her out!" Mr. Yuk shrieked suddenly.

Mr. Yuk—he would attract anyone's attention! Rochelle tried to resist the idea of Mr. Yuk's attracting the attention of Gighensiev in La Superba, but desperation made her consider it. She pictured herself at a table with Mr. Yuk, the center of a group of intrigued customers. Gighensiev especially would be fascinated. "I dance, too," she would say to him casually. "In fact, I know the part of Lisette in your *April Snow perfectly*."

Then Rochelle saw that Mr. Yuk had shrieked at

Feroze, who was watching him longingly from the window sill. That reminded her of Mike. Hadn't he wanted to take her out tonight? She opened the window and picked up the cat, then found Mike in the court behind their row of cottages.

"It sure was love at first sight with Feroze," he said, taking the cat.

"Mike," Rochelle said, "I was unfair to you and rude. After the way I treated you, I have no right to ask it, but I need your help."

He dropped the cat and leaned toward her. "Just ask," he said, "*anything!*"

She hesitated. Only by remembering how important it was for her to meet Gighensiev could she say it. "Would you take me to La Superba tonight?"

"Is that all?"

"You don't mind?"

"Mind! It's a pleasure," he insisted, grinning.

Mike called for her in a white convertible. At least, his dinner jacket fits him, she thought. She herself was wearing her mother's slinkiest evening gown and her mother's purple lipstick. Her upswept hairdo, however, was her own inspiration. Luckily, her mother was entertaining at bridge and didn't see her dress and leave. Mr. Yuk slept under her cape, hardly aware that he wasn't in his covered cage.

In the restaurant a haughty waiter beckoned them to follow.

"I suppose a table *could* be farther from the dance floor," Mike observed loudly, "but it would have to be in Texas."

Rochelle wished she could drop through the floor with mortification, but then she saw Gighensiev and forgot her crude escort. Her heart began to pound wildly. Gighensiev looked just as he had in *The Specter*. As soon as the waiter left, she took Mr. Yuk from beneath her cape and placed him on the table.

"You must really like that bird," Mike said. "Do you take him everywhere you go?"

"Oh, yes," Rochelle murmured and tweaked the myna's tail.

Mr. Yuk blinked in astonishment at the unfamiliar scene. "Yuk?" he said. A mischievous gleam came into his eyes. "Yuk, *yuk*," he added. What happened then was not quite as Rochelle had imagined.

Mr. Yuk threw back his head. "Wow!" he shouted in a voice heard throughout the room. "What a party!" The tinkle of silverware and the murmur of voices ceased, and the patrons turned toward Mr. Yuk. "Oh, me, I should've stood in bed!"

He jumped from the table, and, before Rochelle could catch him, hopped off along the aisle. Years of captivity had made him almost unable to fly, but he could move quickly, using his wings. Rochelle followed him by the sound of his voice raised in his choicer expressions. Suddenly he appeared in the air and settled on the arm of an old dowager just as she was taking a sip of water. "Come on, kid," Mr. Yuk shouted, "let's you and me do the town!"

The woman screamed and fainted.

"Throw her out!" Mr. Yuk shrieked.

From then on pandemonium reigned. When Rochelle finally caught him, Mr. Yuk was bathing in Gighensiev's soup. The dancer was shouting with surprise and anger and trying to ward off the splashes. Women were screaming, the other customers were milling about in confusion, and the manager was bearing down on them as fast as his bulk permitted.

"*Who owns this vermin?*" the manager shouted, his face red with anger.

"He's mine," Rochelle admitted meekly.

"Take it away, and the girl, too!" Gighensiev yelled.

The manager took her back to her table where Mike was standing, still dumbfounded. "What's the meaning of this?" the manager demanded.

Mr. Yuk stuck his head out of the wrap. "Throw her out," he suggested.

"Oh, a smart bird," said the manager, growing purple. He reached over and took one of Rochelle's arms and one of Mike's.

"I'll knock you down at a moment's notice," Mr. Yuk remarked.

As in a nightmare, Rochelle felt herself propelled toward the exit. "I'm Mr. Yuk," the myna stated in parting, "and anyone in the house can lick me."

Outside, waiting while Mike got his coat, horror and remorse overcame Rochelle. Her failure with Gighensiev was bad, but what she had done to Mike was worse. "How can I ever apologize?" she said when he appeared. She saw that he was acting strangely, and she suddenly realized that he was speechless with laughter. "You're not angry?" she asked.

"Never—*never*," he shrieked, "have I seen anything so funny! *Now* I see what you see in that bird! And what a terrific sense of humor *you* have!" Another spasm of laughter doubled him up. "Listen," he said finally, "let's go to the Palm Room of the Sherry Ritz and make Mr. Yuk do it again!"

For a moment Rochelle regarded him in amazement. "You have no soul," she said then. "Please take me home."

At her back door she turned to him. "You were kind and generous, Mike, and I was selfish and foolish," she said, "but we don't think alike. My life is dedicated to Art, and yours, well . . . It's best we don't see each other again—ever."

"You're upset again. I'll see you tomorrow and find out how you feel," Mike said and left.

Rochelle went to her room and changed. Her mother was still playing bridge.

. . . "I learned something else about Gighensiev last night," Mrs. Briggs said next morning. "He loves cats. His new ballet is based on cat movements, and he studies them for hours."

Rochelle glanced up and saw Feroze at the window again, looking for her beloved myna. Rochelle hated herself for the thought she had. But Feroze *was* a beautiful cat, and if Gighensiev liked them, he'd certainly notice *her*. She could stand in front of the theater with Feroze until Gighensiev appeared. Of course, she'd have to write Mike and apologize for borrowing his pet . . .

She waited at the theater an hour before Gighensiev came out. He walked rapidly toward her, not seeing her, but then he noticed the cat. He slowed,

studying it intently. Feroze suddenly struggled in her arms, escaped and ran to him. Gighensiev gave a happy cry and caught up the cat. He petted it and murmured over it, and finally turned to Rochelle. Her heart pounded, and she smiled hopefully. Then she saw his anger. "*You!*" he exclaimed. "The girl with the vicious bird—a cat taker, too!" He turned, got into his car, and drove off with Feroze in his lap.

Rochelle had failed. She'd worked most of her life to be a dancer, and now no one would see her perform. And she had lost Mike's cat. She dragged herself home, numb and lifeless.

Near the cottage the sound of Mr. Yuk's voice raised in fear and anguish made her hurry. The sounds came from the rear court where a crowd had gathered around a tall rose arbor. High up in it, Mr. Yuk was caught. She remembered now that she had left the window open when she took Feroze. The myna was practically helpless outside,

"She'll eat him!" Rochelle cried, then, afraid to look, buried her face in Mike's shoulder.

and he was hopelessly entangled in the vines. "Oh, Mr. Yuk!" she wailed.

"We've sent for a ladder," someone beside her said. It was Mike. "We'll get him down."

At that moment Feroze appeared and streaked up the pole. "She'll eat him!" Rochelle cried, then, afraid to look, buried her face in Mike's shoulder.

A hush descended on the crowd, but a moment later a murmur came from it. Was it horror? Rochelle shuddered.

"Dick, that's the bird Feroze loves," Mike said to someone. "That's her reason for not eating or sleeping."

"We must have that bird," the man named Dick answered. "Feroze has to be in top form if she's to help me with my new ballet . . ."

Rochelle opened her eyes and saw with amazement that Dick was Gighensiev!

But then Mr. Yuk's voice, raised in a string of exclamations, made her look back at the arbor. Feroze was climbing down the pole with the myna held carefully in her mouth. "Oh, me, I should've stood in bed!" cried Mr. Yuk.

On the ground Feroze laid the bird gently on its back and began to smooth its ruffled feathers with her pink tongue. The myna slowly raised its head and looked around. "I'm Mr. Yuk," he announced, "and *anyone* in the house can lick me!"

"And this is Miss Briggs, who owns Mr. Yuk and can dance Lisette in *April Snow*," Mike was saying.

With lowered eyes, Rochelle waited in an agony of embarrassment for Gighensiev's recognition and then his anger.

"Oh, no! *You!*" he said. "Oh, dear, I'm awfully sorry for being so rude. I'm afraid when I watched you through our windows practicing Lisette, I saw only your dancing form, not your face."

"I noticed both," Mike said.

"Did Mike tell you I wanted to talk to you about your doing Lisette next season?" Gighensiev continued.

Rochelle was too confused to do more than shake her head.

Mike looked embarrassed. "I was getting around to asking her, Dick," he said. "I have my own personal way of going about it." He turned to Rochelle. "My brother lets me take care of Feroze and interview propective ballerinas," he explained.

"Your *brother!*" Rochelle exclaimed.

"Sure," Mike said. "He may be a big shot in a lot of places, but in the Bronx he's just Dick Higgins, a hoofer. Gighensiev is nothing but a fancy way of spelling Higgins anyhow."

Dick Higgins picked up Feroze and Mr. Yuk and handed them to Rochelle. "Will you take the part, Miss Briggs?" he asked.

Rochelle nodded, still dumbfounded.

"Good," he said. "And while you're with us, Feroze will have plenty of chance to see Mr. Yuk. That should put her back in form again."

"This calls for a celebration," Mike said. "Dick gets a dancer, Feroze gets Mr. Yuk, and Mr. Yuk gets his life saved!"

How had she never noticed Mike's superb artistic sensibilities? Rochelle wondered. "We might go to the Palm Room of the Sherry Ritz," she suggested, "and let Mr. Yuk have another fling . . ."

"Wonderful!" said Mike and Dick together.

"Yuk," said Mr. Yuk, and added, "yuk, *yuk!*"

THE END

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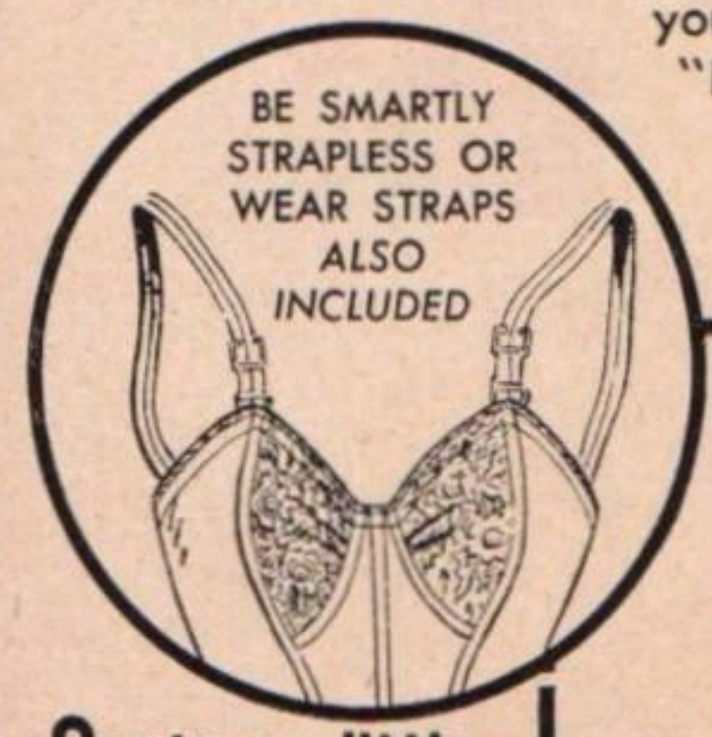

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(FROM A LETTER TO BETTY MEMPHIS SENT HER BY ETHEL JORDAN, DETROIT, MICH.)

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JUST FOLLOW SKIN DOCTOR'S SIMPLE DIRECTIONS

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Just mail your name and address to Betty Memphis, care of the New York Skin Laboratory, 206 Division Street, Dept. 553 New York 2, N. Y. By return mail you will receive the doctor's directions, and both

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A screen star's face is her fortune. That's why she makes it her business to protect her complexion against pimples, blackheads and blemishes. Your face is no different. Give it the Double Treatment it needs and watch those skin blemishes go away.